Not Quite Black Under Fluorescents

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Not Quite Black Under Fluorescents

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will comes home covered in blood, Hannibal takes care of everything he needs.

Notes

Since joining the folk in the Cannibal Pub and becoming part of the wonderful Hannibal Cre-ATE-ive I keep on getting inspired by things and writing new things when I should be working on my series!! Anywho this was inspired by a conversation in the Cannibal Pub regarding the below picture and so now (with some inspiration from the lovely Firuflies), it is now a fic with a couple of new to me kinks (blood play and knife play).

This may be terrible - I wrote it in like a couple of hours and then posted it. I've had 5 Americanos today and the baby slept for 6 hours last night and I don't know what to do with that much sleep anymore!

See the end of the work for more notes

It is a slow summer's day. When Will let himself in the back door of the little house in the French countryside, Hannibal had been sat quietly reading. He looked at the clock on the wall and found it was later than he had thought and knew he must have dozed for a little. Such was the laziness of the life they led now, for the most part. Strange that Will came in through the garden, stranger that he didn't call out in greeting. Hannibal knew from the footfall that it was definitely his lover but when Will didn't come through to the study-come-lounge he went in search of him. He had expected Will back sooner but assumed he must have been waylaid buying more groceries than they required. Or rather buying groceries Hannibal preferred that he didn't. Perhaps his own fault for pretending he knew nothing of Will's secret stash of junk food.

Warmed by the amusing thought, the sight of Will in the kitchen was quite jarring, despite being beautifully mesmerising. Even more so than usual. On the floor at his feet, a bag of groceries, as expected, but Will was far from the same. Half out of his shirt, and covered in blood - the visage in contrast to the mundane decor of their kitchen stole Hannibal's breath.

Hannibal wanted to ask what happened but instead he just stared, the sight before him sending liquid fire through his veins.

"Shower. Cold shower." Will said and started off through the house, up the narrow staircase without a backward glance.

Hannibal knew from the tone that it was not merely a statement, but an invitation.

Fluorescent lighting in the bathroom made the blood so much more red and vital. So far from the moonlight bathed black of the blood that night on the bluff. The sight of Will now, the thought of that night, all rushed together around Hannibal's being and settled in his stiffening cock.

The bloody shirt was on the bathroom floor and Will was turning the faucets before Hannibal made it all the way into the bathroom. Even so, as Will turned to remove his pants, he took in

the sight. The blood had soaked through the shirt and stained his body, mostly still wet. Will's own cock was rock hard and sprang almost violently from his pants as he removed them.

Hannibal asked no questions. It was not the time. It was time to work out what Will needed of him. Sometimes he required comfort - for Hannibal to take the lead and woo him, love him. Maybe sometimes even take him roughly. Other times he needed to revel in the power he had over Hannibal - make Hannibal cum, fuck him hard… or sometimes soft and teasing until Hannibal came apart. Sometimes they would start one way and end another as Will's needs changed - going from tender love making to near violent passion, or vice versa.

Right now Will was stepping into the shower with a distant look. Hannibal removed his own clothes and gently stepped in behind him and picked up a wash cloth.

The water was cold. Just the too-cool side of tepid. Not that it did anything to sooth either of their erections. Not that they'd want it to.

"Shall I wash you Will?" He asked this time, he didn't always need to. Sometimes it was clear. Today was one of the times it was not.

Will turned to face him and he looked glorious. Victorious. Covered in the blood of his enemy as they had once both been bathed in the blood of the Great Red Dragon. Hannibal felt a slight spike of jealousy at not having been included - not having witnessed.

A slow nod then. Still not much to go on - likely Will would need something in between - not gentle, not rough. But when he raised the cloth Will's hand reached out and stopped him.

"What do you need Will?"

"He was rude."

The words made Hannibal's cock twitch. He placed the cloth back on the shelf and moved into Will's space now he knew that was what Will wanted. He knew now *exactly* what Will wanted.

Hannibal lowered his mouth to Will's shoulder and lay a sucking kiss before dipping his tongue out and tasting the tang of blood. The spray of water had not managed to shift it yet and it yielded instead under his mouth - metallic and smooth. He moved his mouth along the soiled skin and hummed his appreciation as Will moaned. The taste was beginning to thin out as the stream of water from the shower ran over them. Maybe Will realised this as he pulled Hannibal back to arm's reach and looked at him, stared at the blood Hannibal knew was on his lips. Blood still soaked Will's face - what had washed off had been replaced by the heavy gore washing down from his hair. The sight was enough to bring a growl up in his throat, and without thinking he leaned in to kiss Will.

Will raised his hands violently, though the shove was relatively gentle - pushing Hannibal back from him with a firm "No."

"Of course, sorry." Hannibal chided himself inwardly as he said the words, and wiped the blood from his mouth. Will did not have the same proclivities - it wasn't the blood that

bothered his lover, it was it's source. Unlike Hannibal, Will would not eat the rude. He would not put anything distasteful to him in his body and Hannibal respected that. Because not everyone was rude. Will did not always abstain, and Hannibal basked in the sight of it when he partook.

Now, he was allowed to regain and raise the washcloth. Will, though he took enjoyment himself from Hannibal's mouth on him, had given him that as a gift - likely the body itself was weighed down in a river or some similar fate. Will would not have harvested anything from it, and so afforded Hannibal the blood.
Even once cleaned with cloth and soap and shampoo, there was something hanging over Will. A heaviness that Hannibal was unsure of. He was just as unsure as to whether he should query it - not wanting to potentially upset his lover. These times were the few remaining when he was unstable - when the empathy was too hard to shut down. When he needed Hannibal to ground him again - to be his paddle. It was always so much easier for Will when they killed together.

The blood was all gone now and Will's breathing was still far from even. "What do you need Will?" Hannibal repeated. It was a question they used, a phrase to help him just as he had once recited time and place and name.

"Blood." Will all but whispered.

"It's gone Will, I washed you, you are clean." Hannibal made the point by running the washcloth over Will's skin again.

Will shook his head and then found Hannibal's eyes, raised a hand to cup Hannibal's cheek. "I… I want to taste, but not… not him… not…"

"He is unworthy of you Will." Hannibal confirmed how Will thought of these things and then began to search for the answer. Another hunt, someone acceptable - they'd done it before, though rarely with such little planning. It was hard to find someone you wished to kill and eat if your criteria were that they had to be deserving of both death and a place within your body, as Will insisted.

Before he could form an idea, much less voice it, Will spoke again - "Yours, Hannibal. I want… you inside me… your blood…" Will's voice was heavy with lust, desire and need.

Hannibal didn't hesitate, didn't even think. Couldn't think beyond the singular thought of being worthy of being consumed by Will Graham. He reached out of the shower for Will's pants on the floor and dug out the pocket knife he knew he'd find there. He flipped it open, it was a little blunted but would still cut skin with enough pressure applied. Unsure whether he was to cut himself, or whether Will wished to do it, he asked again - "What do you need?"

Will started at that, seemingly in a bit of a daze, now he came back to himself and smiled at Hannibal. That warm, loving smile that always - *always* - pulled something tight within Hannibal's gut. The smile turned to determination, but not unkindly, as Will took the knife from Hannibal's hands. He turned it over and over in his own as though now unsure of it's purpose. And so Hannibal directed him -

“The thigh Will, the best place for a cut is…”

Will nodded before kissing Hannibal - a chaste thing - and sinking slowly to his knees. Hannibal’s cock throbbed with the sight of that, his balls tightening in anticipation of what was to come. He held his breath with that anticipation, but a minute passed and nothing had happened. And then Will began to mouth his cock - just a taste. Something familiar perhaps, something grounding?

Hannibal was about to ask again what Will needed when Will pulled back and the knife cut. Not deep, but enough to well up and flow with blood as it dragged down the meat nearing the inside of his right thigh. The pain of it, the sting of it, registered only for a moment before Will’s mouth was on it. Tongue dragging up and along the cut, collecting the flow there. Hannibal let out an involuntary low moan as Will’s tongue worked it’s way up further still to skirt the flesh near his balls. And then it was back to the cut, tonguing it. The knife clunked into the bottom of the shower and Will’s hands were on him then, squeezing at his flesh to stimulate the flow once more - lapping it up anew. Sucking at the flesh until Hannibal thought Will may well pull all the blood from his body. And... what a way to die. If he was to be consumed, let it be by Will Graham. Will Graham who found him worthy to be consumed.

Hannibal wasn’t sure when he'd leaned back against the wall, he had not registered the coldness of the tiles. But as Will stood and pressed against him, taking his mouth and letting him taste himself there in a wholly different way than usual, he realised his position. Now held between Will and the wall, his legs were weak with lust and impending release.

He looked for something in Will’s eyes as he pulled back, and knew that it needed to be something in between today. Neither of them with the power or control, both with the power and control. Will kissed him again, tongue slipping firmly into his mouth, as his hand reached between them. It took only a moment of orchestration for Will to take both their cocks in his hand and begin to slowly stroke them together. The pressure of the hand, of the hardness against his, created an exquisite friction.

The kiss, on both sides, became erratic and sloppy as both of them began to lose composure. Hannibal, so close now and still tasting the little blood remaining in Will’s mouth, moved his hand down. He gripped over Will’s hand, squeezing it tighter and joining in his rhythm as they both worked the few remaining soap suds over themselves. Hannibal swept his thumb up and over both their cockheads, mixing their precum together as Will grunted and settled his weight on his free hand against the wall behind Hannibal. Together they stroked from root to tip, a delightful pressure encompassing them both until it was almost too much.

“Fuck… Hannibal…” Will cried out a came, enough to drive Hannibal to his own release. Will’s hand, now dripping cum, falling away with the effort of it all, rested on the wall behind Hannibal as Hannibal continued to slowly stroke them until finality.

Their mouths found each other again but now slow and languid. They moved back under the fullness of the spray and slowly, reverently, cleaned each other.

When they were clean and out of the shower, dried and in the bedroom, Hannibal guided Will to the bed with insistence. He had been drained by the day - whatever had happened, which he would no doubt tell Hannibal when he was ready to do so. Hannibal plumped the pillows

and then made Will lay back onto them, not able to help the grin at Will's sleepy sweetness. A mongoose indeed - fierce, fluffy.

Hannibal smiled at the thought, tried to ignore the memory of Will covered in blood lest his cock stir again. Instead, as he watched Will sleep, he committed the sight to memory - added it to that room in his memory palace full of Will Graham's covered in blood. But now he added another door, and through there he would see himself nourishing his lover and being worthy to do so.

End Notes

Firuflies I stole some of your words! Bloodplay for Llewcie. Mongoose mention for Kate. I'll always be sorry I couldn't give you a deep trench Emily!

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